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Bach "Pure and Simple," or with Modern Accompaniments.

MELODIC-CONTRAPUNTAL STUDIES: A Selection of 10 Preludes from J. S. BACH's *Well-tempered Clavichord*, with an obligato Violoncello part composed to them by I. MOSCHELES. Op. 137a. (The same with a *Concertante* part for a Second Piano-forte. Op. 137 b).

(Concluded from page 250).

The field in which Bach moves is naturally more limited than that of his followers standing on his shoulders. Quite foreign to the art of his time are the two extremes, which constitute the chief field for the period after him, when Art, grown secular, borrowed its ideals for the most part from the theatre, to-wit: the extreme of Sentimentality (we use the word in the comprehensive, not the one-sided and reproachful sense), and that of Humor. Yet even there the Bach style of Art never wholly lost sight of its point of departure, the Church, however widely it had overstepped the line. It closes what may be called the period of mature youth in Art:—if we were obliged to characterize it in a word, we could think of nothing better to say (paradoxical as it may sound at first), than that it is a thoroughly *youthful* Art. As yet it is untouched by seductive worldliness, its passions not unchained, its sensuality scarcely awakened; its lively imagination is still pure; it adheres still to those traditions of the church that have come down from the age of childhood, seeks here its ideal, feels no impulse to withdraw itself from the discipline of this old and venerable institution. The details of human existence have scarcely yet set foot within its circle of vision; they do not fetter it; the unity of its consciousness is still undisturbed, not even seriously threatened upon any side.

Nevertheless it has fully out-grown its child's shoes; in the youth lurks the man; his energy betrays itself already in the stern, downright character which is peculiar to chaste, manly youth; all the individual qualities, with which he has to fight his way through life, are his, beforehand, in all their original power and freshness, as they never can be afterwards. The feelings have all their exuberance still: yet the moral and intellectual peculiarity is fully developed in all its essential traits, although only to a sharper eye discernible always in the introverted and retiring nature of youth. Nothing is wanting, but the firm and resolute stride into the bustle of the world, which will partly further, partly disturb these peculiarities, at any rate will rob them of the charm that lies over the half-opened character of youth. And so Bach's depth gains often enough an almost child-like expression; that contemplative, intuitive, inwardly absorbed tendency, which is less occupied with the world than with a youth's yearning preconception thereof, shaped in his own peculiar imagination, is the ground-type of all his production. As yet he does not mingle in the throng of the masses, into whose most immediate vicinity his followers step; he and his prominent contemporaries from the ideal

height of their Art overlook wide regions, scarcely bounded distances, in which only great groups are discernible, the detailed outlines melt away, and human life and action individually vanish. Individual life lives only in the contemplative principle, whose sensibility, excited on all sides by such an outlook, is raised and quickened to the extremest point. He is so busied with himself, with the fulness of his own inner life, that nothing yet impels him to enrich that by the reception of foreign elements and to reproduce impressions so received objectively in Art. He still possesses that self-intoxicating subjectivity of youth, that child-like sense of the Bible, to which the deepest mysteries appear revealed, but peculiar to which at the same time is a certain bashful reserve, so that it never goes out of itself with what is purely personal:—in sharpest contrast to the modern manner, of yielding oneself before the eyes of the public to the glow, the paramount ascendancy of one's own feeling, and blabbing out the inmost secrets of the heart before all the world.

To these radical peculiarities the polyphonic style of that time thoroughly corresponds, and this alone, with its ever shifting play of dialectic subtlety, which yet by the consistency of its motion is held as it were within limits, almost never jumping intervals, but always gliding smoothly on,—the most decided opposite to the rhetoric of the modern style producing its effects by contrast. In it is mirrored that contemplative character, the severe school of that time, the discipline under which it kept its pupils. Yet at the same time it sets upon the most complex images the stamp of repose and serenity; this holding fast to the chosen matter, to the themes and figures secures a certain objective character even to the most extravagant turns. This freedom from all modern tendency, this limitation of the artistic purpose to the nearest end, that of presenting above all something sterling in an artistic sense, is in a certain measure necessarily implied in this style, with its limitation to its method. The latter, essentially homophonic style, even where it sets all the arts of counterpoint in motion for its purpose, is characteristically distinct from that, since it does not adhere to the old strictness of form, but uses the old means with quite another view and an altogether different economy.

The reader must excuse these, scarcely new, variations on an old theme—but it seemed indispensable to contrast the old well-known features in one picture with the "new characteristic." Let us now see how the new frame suits it. We select at once the first Arrangement, that of the universally familiar first Prelude of the First Part, in C major.

If Bach renounces in this piece all melody, in the stricter sense, the problem with him evident was, on the threshold of his work, to present something by exclusively harmonic means which should have a peculiar meaning by itself and by this very fact. The characteristic of the piece lies therefore in this limitation. There is nothing but a succession of uniformly broken chords of

nearly related keys—and yet, what effect! Bach begins in the middle and close positions; in almost uniform progressions the harmony extends and widens more and more, every new chord rolls in like a wave of the sea, that lifts itself with might only to subside into itself immediately, but presently again, identically the same, though seemingly new, to emerge in another place. And so the whole is like a gently moved lake, in whose even undulations all the mysterious and resistless power of the element is already visible. The harmony floats up and down, now spreads itself out widely downward, now returns to the original positions; it seems to follow merely its own gravitation, its inherent natural laws. Hence the movement nowhere checks itself, it is thoroughly elastic; in it all is life-like, full of life, and yet this life cannot be seized and fixed to any given point. There lies an elemental power in this conception. No one can escape its influence in the rendering. It is simply impossible to play the uniform looking piece, so destitute of all pure melodic structure, in *one* tone, with equal force and equal accents: the *nuances* of the performance suggest themselves in the natural elevations and depressions of this play of waves. The Prelude is a masterpiece, which leaves no doubt about its meaning, and at the same time a cabinet piece of piano-forte literature, since it is perfectly adapted to the nature of the instrument: as indeed nowhere in the older literature are there more and finer piano effects to be found—not of modern cut, but yet of modern nicety of feeling—than in the *Well-tempered Clavichord*.

Herr Moscheles, it seems, is quite of another opinion; he seems never once willing to let the piano-forte effect stand for itself, for he does all he can to disturb it. He treats the Violoncello in the modern manner, lets it mingle its importunate tone, its snuffling sentimentality in those chords in all positions and all ways of playing with the utmost recklessness, degrading them to harmonic substrata quite indifferent in themselves. Not the slightest conception of anything at all like what we have just described, no respect for any intention of Bach whatever, not even for the finely calculated economy of the whole. The Arrangement begins with a short introduction of four measures. First comes:

VIOLONCELLO.

pizz.



PIANOFORTE.



Then, in similar formation, two corresponding measures on the Dominant and Tonic follow. In this introduction nothing in particular is said; and yet this Forte is already sufficient to rob the real beginning of all charm, and to annihilate all the magic of the middle regions of the instrument in which it moved. It will hardly be necessary to call attention to the fundamentally false bass of the second half of the first measure, against which the G of the piano part protests loudly enough; but it remains to say, that, even if it were right, the mere change of harmony in the first measure must raise very disturbing doubts about the whole harmonic economy of what follows.

With the Prelude itself begins the Violoncello.



It perseveres in this quite characteristic tone, fitting similar turns to all the wider harmonies, full of peculiar pathos. Ever and anon it trills out a deep bass tone *fortissimo*, and instantly leaps up again into the highest tenor regions. The Prelude is repeated, so that it may be heard with these phrases in different octaves. The passage in which this structure culminates in respect to style, may speak for itself:



That octave leap of the ninth, *a*, on the Dominant Seventh chord, with the Fourth prolonged, is perhaps the very extreme of what can be set in contrast to the Bach way of writing.

This "characteristic" of the Bach piece is certainly *new*; in so far as no one until now has ventured upon like combinations of the most distinct styles, one may safely call it hitherto unheard of. Meanwhile the material of this new characteristic is very old: it is the homophonic melody of the beginning of our century in its most dry and meagre form, which happily, through the influence of Beethoven, may be considered as put aside. A few garnishings from the *salon* style of more recent times cannot deceive us about this: it is a stereotyped and yet embellished, a modest and yet pretentious and self-satisfied manner, which died out long ago, while the music of the old masters blooms in perpetual youth. For the honor of the Present we protest against the attempt to give "modern coloring" with these means. The efforts of Mendelssohn and Schumann, who understood how to learn from Bach, have not been fruitless: the modern music stands nearer to Bach, than that of that heavenly-seeming, sentimentalizing period, which not in its *technique* alone, but in its whole art, was soulless. So there is nothing left but the *concertante* effect, which—unfortunately—cannot be disputed.

For our part, such an Arrangement of Bach is more than an abortive effort; it is an attempt upon the life of that mighty genius, whose labor only now, after a whole century, has wrung from the world its long denied place in the history of Art. It is out of our power to discover any mitigating circumstance in such an undertaking. It is scarcely possible for any one to be more thoroughly deluded about the incompatibility of characteristic differences; and therefore one cannot use a more striking illustration of the dangers of mixed style, than by pointing to these Preludes.

We do not doubt the well-meant purpose of Herr Moscheles; we only protest most energetically against all experimenting with masterworks, which undertakes to interpolate a foreign element into them, thus setting oneself up as the judge about their characteristic keeping. This is an offence not only against good taste, piety, but against all the fundamental perceptions on which our whole artistic culture rests. Such experiments inevitably run to caricature. He who disfigures Bach, to introduce him into the modern society of laymen; he who presents him there in the costume of a *primo tenore* from some tamely romantic opera; he who makes his very earnestly meant compositions the pedestal for a modern virtuoso, that never bends over his grateful instrument without coquetry, under a harmless mask sacrificing everything to catch the applause of the weak public through a thousand artifices,—he, by his own free will, withdraws himself from good musical society, of which he has hitherto been counted as a member.

The severity of this judgment has made us in duty bound to proceed loyally and not select the weakest among these Arrangements for our point of attack. They are all prepared after the same method or pattern, in which the characteristic feature is, that it tries to force a union between things characteristically different and mutually repugnant. With the exception of a few bars in No. 5, which are reminiscences of Mendelssohn, the same old-fashioned sort of melody is used for all; only where Bach shows a stricter and richer polyphony, only there, when there is no other outlet, does the Violoncello seek to adapt itself to his way of writing. This leads us to the last point of view that remains to be touched upon: What is to be said of these works, if we consider them according to their title, "Melodie-Contrapuntal Studies"?

In this relation, too, the undertaking of Herr Moscheles carries its punishment in itself: the Moscheles counterpoints make a sorry show by the side of Bach. Either they give those harmonic intervals which are skipped in the piano, or they go in thirds and sixths, so far as practicable, with one or another of Bach's voices; but always they are too short or too long, and naturally, just in the most interesting places, they are overpowered by the Bach parts, so full of character, so irresistible, and are compelled to go in all humility with one of these, and to desist from all bad modern habits. At best they succeed now and then in letting a motive of Bach resound in places where the adroit master, having other things in view, from a wise economy, allowed it to be silent, lest he should become wearisome with it. So all these counterpoints—of course we refuse this name to those phrased melodies—give us nothing new and nothing characteristic, but simply what is superfluous and can be dispensed with; thus they have no artistic right.

Gluck's "Iphigenia" in London.

(From the Athenæum, May 12.)

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Mr. Mapleson has given to Gluck the best stage-chance which that sublimest of opera-composers has had in England since we have known Music. The production of "Iphigenia in Tauris" some years ago, by a second-rate company of Germans, at the St. James's Theatre, could not but be a failure. The stout organ of the heroine, Mlle. Stöckl Heinefetter, was as unfeeling as a barrel organ. She was coarse and ungainly as a woman; looking, as Mendelssohn described another *prima*

donna, "like an arrogant cook," and null as an actress. The *Orestes* bawled; the chorus was small; the dances were ridiculous; the dresses were fit for Rag—not May—Fair. Not much more successful was Mr. Gye's attempt to recommend "Orfeo," by the aid of that incompetent singer and exaggerating actress, Madame Czaillag, whose best effects amounted to a clumsy copy of Madame Viardot's; as far from the original as is some fourth-rate lithograph from the complete work of art it travesties. Without an *Orfeo*, the opera, which has only three characters—all female parts—must fall to the ground. Not reasoning from facts so patent as these, Gluck's detractors in England (and there are absolutely musicians who fancy they are proving their sagacity, also loyalty to Mozart, by sneering at Mozart's superior in antique opera) shrugged their shoulders and raised their eyebrows, and spoke of the master as "one who did not understand counterpoint,"—therefore, whose works had gone by. It was rather "a counterblast" that Mr. Halle should be able to produce three of Gluck's operas entire, without action or costume, as concert-music!—and under the further disadvantage of an English text—and this to a mixed Manchester audience of some two thousand persons,—with the most unequivocal and decided success. Then, further, the opera annals of Paris and the German capitals tell a story which should unstop the deaf ears of Prejudice,—only Prejudice desires not to hear. Granted adequate execution, Gluck's operas are no more dead than are "Lear," "Hamlet," "Julius Caesar," "Coriolanus." The life of eternal truth and beauty is in them; and when properly expressed and interpreted, this must strike home to the hearts of all who like something more stately than "La Traviata," and something more solid, whether in story or in song, than "Martha."

To ourselves, who do not conceive that one man of genius is exalted by the depreciation of another, every occasion of hearing one of the five masterpieces of serious opera worthily rendered claims a welcome of the utmost cordiality. On returning to "Iphigenia in Tauris," the short-sighted folly of the verdict adverted to struck us more forcibly than ever. If Gluck's be music gone by, if it do not belong to the noblest, most poetical order of Art, then Euripides is "gone by,"—then Laocoon and the Parthenon frieze are gone by, or may be rated among those works which are tolerated as specimens of "a school." What do the sceptics make of the magnificent introduction with the wild, whirling storm?—what of the choros and dances of the Scythians?—what of the airs of Orestes and Pylades in the second act, and the scene of Orestes with the Eumenides, and the entrance of Iphigenia, and her wail over the ruin of a royal house, with its choral burden of the priestesses? Dramatic contrast can be carried no further, rise no higher, than in these two superb scenes. The third act does not fall off, since it contains some of the most impassioned recitatives, and the *trio* in which the priestess decides, by the instinct of blood affection, which of the two prisoners is to be selected for sacrifice (how wonderful as an expression of vacillation!); the contest of friendship, and the delicious airs of Pylades; but it may be called the least showy of the four, as not containing any choral music, while it taxes the artists the most severely as demanding the greatest subtlety of action. Observe, too, that the recitatives throughout lose inevitably by translation. The French words bite the ear with a keenness for which there is no equivalent in English or Italian. Who can represent such a phrase as

Vos glaives, vos bâchers,
Sont cent fois moins affreux,

set with such poignant anguish by the master? Then, in the fourth act, let us note the treatment of the temple scene throughout, and remind the scorners that the choros of Priestesses is, after all, only a two-part choros, rich and solemn as is the effect produced by the stately grace of melody and the purity of harmony.

A few words more ere we close, for to-day, the above few and incomplete remarks on this opera. Nothing can exceed the distinctness with which the three principal characters are colored; nor the felicity and yet simplicity of the instrumentation. In brief, the preciousness of treasure contained in "Iphigenia" is proved by the extent to which it has been pillaged, and by those very writers for whose sake the silly pedants disdain Gluck.

But "adequate execution" is not easy to procure. Not only does the music demand the highest conception, and the action the finest dramatic finish, but also peculiar voices. As was remarked in the Introduction to the English version, edited some few years ago by Mr. C. Halle (Chappell & Co.), "If tradition may be trusted, the artists who presented Gluck's operas to Paris—Mlles. Sophie Arnould, and Levasseur, MM. le Gros, Larivière, and others—were not

singers as we accept the word. The bass parts in 'Iphigenia in Tauris,' those of *Orestes* and *Thoas*, may be both said to demand exceptional voices, and if these cannot be found they can hardly be sung as they were written." The French, till lately have always tolerated a mixed voice, such as, to give an example, that of Chollet, whose part of *Zampa* falls into the legitimate province of neither tenor nor bass. But Mr. Mapleson's three principal singers were more than usually well fitted for their occupation. Mlle. Tietjens is heard to her best advantage in this music; her action, too, was generally good, though in the *trio* (act 3) referred to she might have followed Gluck's music more sensitively by the silent by-play of her indecision. Signor Gardoni, though his voice wants the mordant quality demanded, was elegant and expressive as *Pylades*. A better *Orestes* could not be desired than Mr. Santley, whose high notes were what is precisely wanted, and whose delivery of the recitatives was of a pathos and a purity rare in these days. But his great prison-scene was spoiled by the utter misunderstanding of the stage manager. The Furies who torment *Orestes* should not be jumping acrobats, dressed like gipsies at a fair. The same criticism applies to the Scythians in the first and last acts; and we offer it without scruple, because, though the blot is great and bade fair once or twice to be perilous, it could be easily amended, and because there has been obviously every desire to present the opera worthily. Signor Gassier did his best as *Thoas*, but the part is not within his grasp. The chorus of Priestesses was tunable, but too universally loud; the orchestra was good; and the *tempi* for the most part right. Some of the scenes, especially that of the third act, were very picturesque and in the real classical taste. The Italian translation by Signor Marchesi, seemed to us exceedingly well done: to be the work of a gentleman and a singer. To sum up,—supposing the flagrant mistake corrected to which we have referred,—a performance of higher excitement and interest to all who love "the best and honorablest things" (Milton's phrase) in Art, could not be imagined, and that it made a strong impression on the public was proved by marked attention from first to last, and frequent applause,—though the same might be less violent than that which was to be heard at the recent revival of "I Puritani."

Mendelssohn.*

(From the London Musical World.)

When at Easter, 1825, I left the University of Leipzig to enter that of Berlin, my respected Professor, Wilhelm Müller (author of the *Griechenlieder*, etc.) gave me a letter of introduction to the Mendelssohns, in whose house he had himself, a short time previously, spent some very pleasant weeks. Thanks to his recommendation, and still more to the extraordinarily hospitable spirit that reigned in the family, I was, during the whole period, five years, of my stay in Berlin, received with a degree of kindness most gratifying and valuable to a man like myself, who would otherwise have led a somewhat lonely life and not have had many to advise him. The more I become cognizant how little I was calculated by my habits and disposition, to contribute ought to so brilliant an intellectual circle, and that consequently I could not help receiving more than I gave, the more grateful must I feel for the kindly toleration with which I was treated.

The life at No. 3—now the "Herrenhaus"—in the Leipzigerstrasse was then indeed a brilliantly intellectual one. The family were as richly endowed with every kind of natural gifts as they were bountifully provided with earthly riches. The last were employed neither to maintain a vain system of ostentation nor of luxurious living, but on the contrary to promote every possible development of intellectual resources and keep up a truly refined tone. The parents and their four children—their happiness then unclouded by any untoward event—were harmoniously united to each other by unusual warmth of affection and congeniality of character, and produced a most pleasing impression upon every one who entered their house. Their existence was a domestic one, inasmuch as they felt little inclination to go out, being most partial, after the labors of the day, to spending the evening in familiar intercourse with one another. It was seldom, however, that they

were found quite alone; they either had a number of young people who were on a friendly footing with them, or else their circle was filled up with another class of visitors. But it was seldom that there was what is called a regular party. Whoever felt so inclined, went, and whoever took a pleasure in going was welcome. Science, Art, and Literature, were equally represented. Humboldt was a frequent visitor. Whenever he went, the rest of the persons present would gradually form a circle round him, for every other occupation or amusement soon yielded to his interesting conversation. He could go on, for hours together, without a pause, relating the most attractive facts from out the rich stores of his experience. Hegel was another visitor, though he contributed little to the general entertainment, seeking rather, in a quiet game at whist, relaxation from his arduous intellectual labors. Except when he was there, I can hardly remember cards ever being played in the house. Celebrated and uncelebrated people, travellers of all kinds, and especially musicians, though not to the exclusion of other artists, found their efforts judiciously appreciated. The conversation was always animated and spirited.

The education of the children was carefully calculated to foster the rich stores implanted in them by the Creator. Felix was the general favorite, without, however, being, in the slightest degree, spoiled. If he ever gave his father cause for dissatisfaction, he was spared neither the reproving look, nor the serious, but invariably calm rebuke. We entertained the most unbounded reverence for the head of the family. When he glanced with his large, short-sighted eyes over his spectacles, he had the power, by a wonderful expression of his, of enforcing respect. The beautiful relations existing between the father and the son are very evident in the published correspondence. Willingly, however, would the father take part in the jokes of the young people, and derive pleasure from so doing. I still see his amazed appearance, when, on one occasion, at the conclusion of dinner, the youngest son intoned a four-part canon, written by Felix the same morning, and secretly handed round: "Gesegnete Mahlzeit, psozt Mahlzeit, wohl bekomms!"* The boyish delight at surprising the father burst in, with song, so suddenly upon the previous conversation, and the father gazed with such amazement at the little wag, that the first attempt was interrupted by a general fit of laughter. It was not till repeated that the movement could be properly executed.

That the boy Felix should not go to school, but be taught, partly with his sisters and partly alone, was quite in keeping with his peculiarly reserved and gentle nature, and advanced him the more quickly, because it enabled him to enter more deeply into the subject, and developed uninterrupted his character. On the other hand, however, I think I perceive in this fact the reason of his feeling easily offended and out of sorts, and of his never being altogether at home in general society. The softness of his disposition, never having been hardened, could not easily overcome disagreeable impressions. Perhaps this susceptibility might have been lessened had he, when young, gone through something of the rough training to be obtained among a number of school-fellows.

He pursued his musical studies in company with his elder sister, Fanny, who was long his equal in composition and pianoforte-playing. There existed between the two a mutual appreciation and affectionate esteem, which were certainly unusual. They executed together scores so charmingly, that on one occasion when, after a lapse of many years they played him something—it was the ballet from *Die Hochzeit des Camacho*—their master, Berger, who was not very liberal of his praise, sprang up from his seat, as though quite carried away, and exclaimed: "Why, my children, you play quite first-rate!" ["Aber, Kinder, ihr spielt doch auch ganz famos!"] In the first book which he published of his *Lieder*,

* It is the custom in Germany, after dinner, for the company at table to say to each other, "Gesegnete Mahlzeit!" ("May Heaven bless the meal!"), or words to that effect, amounting to a sort of secular grace, and it was this that Mendelssohn had set to music.

Felix included some of his sister's, though he joked her about the mode in which she had managed Grillparzer's ponderous text in Op. 8; No. 3. She, on the other hand, twitted him with the false octaves from *f* to *a* at the end of the first verse of *Lied* No. 5, and he defended himself by saying that the stringed instruments ought to close with the *f* in the soprano, and the wind instruments come in with the *a*. The sisterly musical fidelity with which Fanny clung to her beloved brother all her life could not have had a more beautiful end than, during the rehearsal of his music, which she was conducting, and while she was in the midst of her delight that everything was going so smoothly, for her to be suddenly struck down in a fit, and give up her life without a pang.—With Rebecca, his youngest sister, he read Greek, as far as *Æschylus*, so that in this particular again the family was not wanting in common pursuits and good understanding. He was very fond of playing with the merry *Becky*, and used to pinch her cheeks when talking to her.

Felix was indeed a wonderfully gifted being. Leaving out of consideration Music, as the central point of his life, his natural gifts were exhibited in the most various ways, without any vain parade of them on his part. He was, for instance, a vigorous and skilful gymnast. The horizontal pole and the bars stood under the trees in the garden, and, shortly before the concerts which used to be given at home every fortnight, at twelve o'clock on Sunday morning, even when he had to play the piano, Felix thought nothing of having a half hour's good turn at gymnastics. On one occasion, he was summoned straight from the horizontal pole to the piano; but he had just run a small splinter into his finger, and the consequence was that he left marks of blood upon the keys during Beethoven's E flat major Concerto, and I carefully wiped them away while he was playing.—He was a very good swimmer. During all one hot summer, we used to bathe nearly every day at Pfuel's Baths, and I was annoyed because, when struggling against one another in the water, he always got the better of me, and sent me under, though I was the taller and stronger of the two. On account of the great distance of the baths, at the Silesian Gate, Mama provided a carriage, and the consequence was that I drove home with him nearly every evening that summer. After tea we regularly had music, which was best, perhaps, when we were alone. At that time, he never extemporized as he subsequently did. His own compositions he never played, as a rule, unless especially requested to do so. After tea was, in so far, an unfortunate time, because we generally went on till nine o'clock, and then the drummers of the guard passed under the windows beating the retreat from the Leipzig Gate to the offices of the Minister of War. It was by no means rare for this to come precisely in the *Adagio*, disturbing us, of course, in a very disagreeable manner. Even when the drummers were at a distance we could hear them gradually advancing, the nearer they approached the greater being the hubbub, until, when it reached its highest point, the window-panes rattled again. Any one who ever heard the melting tones of Mendelssohn's playing, and saw how his soul was absorbed by the magnificent creations of art—how he entered into them, and how his feeling for them was expressed on the gradually drooping lids of his beautiful eyes—will comprehend how such discordant sounds jarred upon our reverential feelings. When we got over the interruption, too, we knew we had to expect it on the march back. On one occasion, Mendelssohn jumped up in the midst of the movement, exclaiming angrily: "What stupid, monstrous, childishness!" It is true that we never thought of exercising ordinary precaution and going out of the way of the evil spirits.

Mendelssohn was, likewise, a good horseman. On the sole occasion I rode with him, we went to Pankow, walking thence to the Schönhauser Garden. It was about the time when he was busy with the overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. The weather was beautiful, and we were engaged in animated conversation, as we lay in the shade on the grass, when, all of a sudden, he

* "Reminiscences of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy," On his 57th birthday, February 3rd, 1866. By J. Schubring.

seized me firmly by the arm, and whispered, "Hush!" He afterwards informed me that a large fly had just then gone buzzing by, and he wanted to hear the sound it produced gradually die away. When the Overture was completed, he showed me the passage in the progression, where the violoncello modulates in the chord of the seventh of the descending scale from B minor to F sharp minor, and said, "There, that's the fly that buzzed past us at Schönhauser!"* He was also an elegant dancer, a circumstance which, when he was a youth, procured him many friends. In consequence of this, his birthday was once celebrated, to please him, by a masquerade. Skating was the only thing at which he was not a good hand. On the one solitary occasion that I succeeded in prevailing on him to try it, he suffered so much from the cold, despite his large fur gloves, that he probably never repeated the experiment.

As in such pleasing exercises, so also in the sphere of intellect, his natural gifts were variously exhibited. He played chess admirably, a game, by the way, of which his father, also, was very fond. That he surprised his mother on her birthday with a translation which he had himself made of Terence's *Andria*, and which his tutor had sent to the printer's, is a fact with which I only became acquainted outside the house. He never boasted of such things. Rösel was his drawing-master; and, though I am not qualified to give an opinion of productions of this description, yet I may state that Mendelssohn possessed a feeling for the artistic conception of nature as well as for plastic art; he was capable of appreciating with intelligence and enthusiastic admiration the masterpieces of both ancient and modern time. Anything connected with mathematics, however, appeared to be less in his way. In vain did I once attempt to make him understand why the Polar Star, which happened just then to be shining beautifully clear and bright, was alone sufficient to guide us over the four quarters of the globe. He could not master the line to be let fall, in his mind, perpendicularly on the horizon, the extension of the line of sight backwards through the eye, and its intersection at right angles with the side-line.

How he composed, I enjoyed only one opportunity of witnessing. I went one morning into his room, where I found him writing music. I wanted to go away again directly, so as not to disturb him. He asked me to stop, however, observing, "I am merely copying out." I remained in consequence, and we talked of all kinds of subjects, he continuing to write the whole time. But he was not copying, for there was no paper but that on which he was writing. The work whereon he was busy was the grand Overture in C major that was performed at that period but not published. It was, too, a score for full band. He began with the uppermost stave, slowly drew a bar-line, leaving a pretty good amount of room, and then extended the bar-line right to the bottom of the page. He next filled in the second, then third stave, etc., with pauses and partly with notes. On coming to the violins, it was evident why he had left so much space for the bar; there was a figure requiring considerable room. The longer melody at this passage was not in any way distinguished from the rest, but, like the other parts, had its bar given it, and waited at the bar line to be continued when the turn of its stave came round again. During all this, there was no looking forwards or backwards, no comparing,

no humming over, or anything of the sort; the pen kept going steadily on, slowly and carefully, it is true, but without pausing, and we never ceased talking. The copying out, therefore, as he called it, meant that the whole composition, to the last note, had been so thought over and worked out in his mind, that he beheld it there as though it had been actually lying before him. I subsequently saw other compositions when half finished, at Friedrich Schneider's, for instance, but the bass part was invariably written out, frequently figured, a musical figure, too, being jotted down here and there in the various instruments, and the remainder still unwritten. "I fill that up afterwards," observed Schneider. It was, however, a question whether the effect of this mode of composing is not to produce too much filling up, and cause a noisy overloading of the work, while, in Mendelssohn's mode of proceeding, every separate portion was definitively fixed, in connection with the onward flow of the whole, not merely with notes, but with pauses as well?

Mendelssohn's character had a deep feeling of religion for its basis. That this wanted the specifically church coloring is a fact on which we disputed a great deal in our earlier years. As an unconditional Schleiermacherite, I was then almost incapable of recognizing Christianity in any other shape, and, consequently, wronged Felix.

(To be continued.)

Music Abroad.

London.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. The two events of the opera last month were the reappearance of Mme. Grisi, after five years' pledged abstinence from the London operatic stage, and the production of Gluck's *Iphigenia in Tauris*. The first of Grisi's performances drew the most brilliant audience of the season. The piece was *Lucrezia Borgia*; the result—read the *Orchestra's* description! (Grisi cancelled her engagement shortly after):

On Saturday, Mme. Grisi—after having taken we know not how many last farewells of the public—was so weak and ill-advised as to attempt another personation of one of those characters which once were amongst the grandest of her extensive repertoire—the *Lucrezia Borgia*. Gladly would we pass over this lamentable event in silence, for of all the *fiascos* that have ever been witnessed, never perhaps was there so sad and painful a one as that to which the once great 'Queen of song' was foolish enough to expose herself. As a matter of course, when the greatest *prima donna* of former years was assisted upon the stage from the gondola, to meet the sleeping *Genaro*, she was received with a perfect *furor* of applause. How great, then, was the falling off, when, at the close of the *carolina* by which ten or fifteen years ago she brought down the house, not a hand testified to anything approaching to pleasure at her coming back again to the scene of her former glory! The worst remains however to be told. How grievous was it to hear the positive laughter that could not be restrained, when the curtain fell upon the Prologue; and the many unmistakable proofs of disapprobation that followed as the opera proceeded! As to histrionic power Grisi never perhaps was more herself than on Saturday night—but the voice was nowhere; all its sympathetic beauty has vanished; its intonation is no longer certain; its force has degenerated into a mere scream.

Iphigenia was played several nights with increasing success. We give the *Athenæum's* account of it on another page.

Mlle. Tietjens, Sig. Mongini as Raoul, and Herr Rokitsky, in the *Huguenots*, are generally praised. Next came the *entrée* of Mlle. Ilma de Murska, who a year ago created such a sensation,—then, as now, in *Lucia*. The first impression seems to have been confirmed. She was supported by Mongini and Gassier. Of her *Sonnambula* the *Times* says:

Whether her daring traits of vocalization are always thoroughly successful or not, their originality, and the impulsive manner in which they appear to be thrown off, enlist immediate sympathy; and they are applauded in either case. In impassioned moments,

too—to cite one example, the scene following the discovery of Amina in Count Rodolpho's bedroom—Mlle. de Murska is so intensely in earnest, abandoning herself so entirely to the sentiment of the situation, that the illusion becomes complete, and the faltering accents of her voice thrill in the ear with all the eloquence of truth. This highly dramatic scene, perhaps her most striking display of power on Saturday night, took the audience by storm. "Ah! non credea mirarti," the touching apostrophe to the flowers in the final scene, though given with undoubted feeling, wanted repose; there was too much gesture, and too sensitive a consciousness for a *sonnambulist*; but no sooner awakened to positive existence than Amina was herself again; and the celebrated "Ah! non giunge," uttered with singular fervor, and embellished—the second verse especially—with a redundancy only to be sanctioned by success, raised the enthusiasm of the house. Thrice was Mlle. de Murska called before the lamps, twice responding to the summons in company with Signor Mongini and Mr. Santley.

After several repetitions of such standing topics as the *Huguenots*, *Lucia*, *Murtha*, *Traviata*, &c., Meyerbeer's *Dinorah* was performed (last week in May) with Mlle. de Murska as the heroine. The *Orchestra* says:

If the truth be told, the Hungarian *prima donna* did not succeed so fully on Saturday night as her more ardent admirers anticipated; inasmuch as, although her conception of the brain-sick heroine was original and pretty, she wanted force to give thorough effect to that mental impulse under which she is hurried forward continually to take her audience by storm. That Mlle. Ilma de Murska's constitution is anything but strong is evident. It is enough to look at her slight and delicate figure, narrow chest, and anything but fleshy limbs, to discover that her mental energy is far greater than her *physique*. How, too, our ungenial climate—more ungenial this year than it has been for nearly a quarter of a century—must try so slight and delicate a frame may easily be conceived. At times on Saturday there were bursts of effort, that proved how strong the histrionic passion is within her; but nature could not go beyond the powers she has sparingly granted, and when called upon, did not give the response that was felt by none more positively than by the lady herself, to be absolutely necessary for the demands of the moment. The music is most exacting, and requires the greatest facility and delicacy of execution. It will permit of no ornamental addition, for unless sung in time, with strict adherence to the constantly changing rhythm with which all the concerted music abounds, it loses its effect, and becomes not only indistinct but disagreeable to listen to. Now Mlle. Ilma de Murska's forte is to heap ornament upon ornament, more frequently improvised than studied; and thus, when tied down to severe rule, the task is irksome to her, and she evidently becomes impatient. Yet, in spite of such drawbacks, there can be no question that Mlle. de Murska's *Dinorah* is a clever, original, and artistic creation....

On Wednesday "*Il Don Giovanni*," with the following extraordinary combination of talent, proved an immense success, and secured one of the largest houses of the season, in spite of its being produced on an off night:—*Don Giovanni*, Santley; *Leporello*, Scalse; *Masetto*, Bossi; *Don Ottavio*, Gardoni; *Commendatore*, Foli; *Elvira*, Sinico; *Zerlina*, Harriers-Wippert; *Donna Anna*, Tietjens. It is enough to say that with such a cast it was impossible there could be the slightest failure in the presentation of Mozart's *chef-d'œuvre*. The two chief features of the occasion were, of course, the appearance of Harriers-Wippert and Santley as the two leading characters. The *Zerlina* of the former is founded on the German rather than the Italian method, and is by no means so saucy or piquant as that of Patti. Nevertheless, it is a pleasant rendering, and one that will win its way in public estimation. Santley has improved immensely upon his first version of the libertine, having evidently studied the part with the greatest patience and assiduity. Of Tietjens all that is necessary to be said is comprised in the single sentence—There is no such a *Donna Anna* now upon the lyric stage!

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The month of May brought nothing new or rare in the selection of operas. One or two new singers, and the reappearance of several prime favorites, seem to have been relied on for the main attraction; and familiar, even hack-nied, pieces furnished good enough pedestals on which to show them off. A few sentences, culled here and there from the reports of the London musical journals, will show about what it has all amounted to.

* These words remind me of the significance people are so fond of attaching to modern music, and of their partiality for asserting that it conveys to them sharply defined ideas. Friedrich Schneider was exceedingly displeased at the system, and addressed the "freie deutsche Musik" ("Free German Music"), as standing on higher ground than this Programme-Music, which he would acknowledge at most in Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony*. Mendelssohn said that after Beethoven had taken such a step it was no longer possible to ignore it entirely. In the *Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt* Overture, there is a most charming melody serving to re-introduce the first notes of the introduction; it begins on the third, then rises to the fifth, and ends upon the octave. I told Mendelssohn that it suggested to me the tones of love which, thanks to the prosperous voyage, is entranced at approaching nearer and nearer the goal of its desires. He said that such was not his notion in composing it; he had thought of some good-natured old man sitting in the stern of the vessel and blowing vigorously in the sails, with puffed-out cheeks, so as to contribute his part to the prosperous voyage.

May 12.—Madame Vilda is happy in the possession of one of the most magnificent soprano voices which have rung in the ears of the actual generation. Equal throughout its register—the higher notes bright, clear, and sonorous, the middle round and mellow, the lower rich and powerful—there is nothing we can conceive of which such a voice should not be capable. It enchants at once; and the more it is heard the firmer is its hold, the more thorough the persuasion that its resources are inexhaustible. In some features it recalls the voice of Sophie Cravelli, in our time the most splendid and capable since the voice of Malibran was silent—but this, of course, without reference to its artistic employment. If it is true, moreover, as is generally reported, that Madame Vilda is a novice, having played only three or four times in a provincial town of Austria and once or twice at Berlin, there is good reason to believe, not only that she is endowed with the most priceless natural gift a singer could desire, but that she has elements which may enable her to become a perfect mistress of the vocal art. In spite of nervousness—which, at the outset of the recitative ushering in "Casta Diva," almost sealed her lips—gathering confidence as she proceeded, she soon showed the advantage of a correct method of enunciation, and with almost unexampled rapidity acquired a control of means that enabled her to articulate distinctly, not merely the musical sounds, but the words and syllables of words to which they are wedded. But passing the recitative, and the sustained high note, its climax, the opening movement of "Casta Diva" was a legitimate triumph. Mme. Vilda's delivery of this amply-proportioned melody was broad, fluent and expressive. No want of proportionate balance, no wavering of intonation, damaged its effect, and the close of this most trying *largo*—rounded off with a well-executed *cadenza* and a close and brilliant shake—saw her unanimously accepted for a singer of no ordinary pretensions, as well as one gifted with a voice of extraordinary capability. Nor was the impression at all weakened by what immediately followed. . . .

But what most encouraged hope was the fact that as the opera advanced the new singer obtained surer and surer command of her resources, and while exhibiting an intelligent appreciation of every situation, occasionally afforded evidence of real dramatic instinct. . . .

Though not very young, Mme. Vilda is quite young enough to look forward to a career of ordinary duration; and though inclined to stoutness, her figure is sufficiently imposing; her attitudes are graceful, and her stage demeanor is easy and natural.

May 13.—*L'Africaine* was presented for the first time on Saturday evening, and drew the largest audience of the season, the popularity of Meyerbeer's last—but by no means best—work having been in no degree diminished by repeated performances during the late disastrous season of the Royal English Opera Company. In two respects the cast is greatly improved from that of last year, by Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington assuming the part of *Donna Inez*, which she had so often sung in English; and by Naudin, who created that of the hero, *Vasco di Gama*, in Paris, being substituted for Wachtel. In the absence of Herr Schmidt, the part of the *Grand Inquisitor* is given to Polonini, whilst Tagliafico undertakes that of the *Priest of Bramah*. In the other details those who filled them last year again appear: Mlle. Lucca being the *Selika*, and Graziani the *Nebuko*, although Faure has arrived, and his introduction in that character, which he created, would have been an advantage. Since the former performances of last year Mlle. Lucca's *Selika* is greatly improved; so much so, indeed, as to be now ranked amongst her very best impersonations. Graziani sings as well as ever, but has no other pretensions for the delineation of those passions of which the ferocious slave is the victim.

On Monday "*Norma*" had the advantage of a competent *Adalgisa*—which Mlle. Lusitani can by no means be said to have been—in the person of Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington, and a much better *Pollio* than Brignoli, by Naudin's resumption of that disagreeable character. Mme. Vilda greatly improves as she proceeds and, being now thoroughly well supported, shows that she derives greater confidence by so desirable a change.

Tuesday was in every sense of the expression a *gala* night at the Royal Italian Opera, for the accomplished Adeline Patti made her *rentrée* in the "*Barbiere*" with the most incomparable of *Figaros* yet remaining—Georgio Ronconi. To criticize such a performance as that of Tuesday would be little else than impertinent. It may suffice, therefore, to say that as Patti was singing her very best and playing with as much sparkling animation as ever, so Ronconi was even more ridiculously droll than on former occasions; whilst Mario was thoroughly as gentlemanly an *Almaviva* as the most exacting censor of manners could

desire. There might perhaps be found a better *Bartholo* than Ciampi, since his fun is dry and far from humorous; but as good a *Basilio* as Tagliafico is rarely to be met with.

On Thursday "*L'Africaine*" was repeated, with M. Faure in his old part.

June 2.—*La Sonnambula*, the *Huquenots*, and *Don Giovanni* have been given—making with *Faust* and the *Barbiere* a week's programme of extraordinary attraction and variety. With such a company as Mr. Gye can boast, he is enabled in a great measure to dispense with absolute novelty. Parts must be found for Mlle. Patti, for Mlle. Lucca, and for Mme. Vilda; and these are most readily supplied by the established repertory.

It was as Valentine in the *Huquenots* that, towards the end of the season of 1863, Mlle. Pauline Lucca made her first appearance in London; and of all the parts in which she has been judged by a London audience it is the one, with the single exception of her peetical *Selika*, that exhibits to most striking advantage her splendid natural gifts. So big a voice, coming from the throat of so little a singer, is really a phenomenon; and if one were to close one's eyes during the progress of the magnificent duet with Marcel, in the scene of the *Pré aux Cleres*, or the still more magnificent duet with Raoul, which forms the climax of the grandest of the grand dramatic inspirations of Meyerbeer, one would expect, on re-opening them, to see in Valentine the robust and stately person of a Titiens, instead of the diminutive "prima donna," whose bright and clear high tones have been resounding like those of a trumpet. Both situations are now so completely mastered by Mlle. Lucca, in a dramatic no less than in a musical sense, that they offer scarcely a chance for criticism. And if on the present occasion she was associated with a Marcel, in Signor Atti, more to be commended for intelligence and invariable correctness than for the depth and power of voice imperatively demanded by the music, on the other hand she found in Signor Mario a Raoul de Nangis beyond compare.

The other parts were filled by Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington, who sang the music of the Queen admirably throughout; Mlle. Morensi, whose Urbain was short of the desired standard, and who would do well to dispense with the florid air, "No, no, no," which Meyerbeer composed expressly for Albani, and which he would hardly have composed for Mlle. Morensi; M. Faure, a dignified and imposing St. Bris; Signor Tagliafico, who breaks his sword across his knee, in the famous passage where Nevers proudly disdains to take part in the projected scheme of wholesale assassination, as chivalrously as of yore, &c.

Don Giovanni, although given on an "extra night" attracted its usual crowd of unsophisticated music-lovers, who listened to the melodies of Mozart with the usual rapt attention, and expressed their hearty satisfaction in the accustomed hearty manner. The *Don Giovanni* of M. Faure, who, by the way, has recently been playing the part in French (at the Paris Grand Opera), is in many respects even better than when we last saw it (1864).

A new Elvira, from a musical point of view greatly superior to what we have been accustomed to, has been discovered in Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington, one of Mr. Gye's most valuable recent acquisitions. It is a pleasure to hear the noble recitative and air, "*Mi tradi quell' alma ingrata*," with its complex modulations and divisions, sung in so thoroughly artistic a manner as by this accomplished English lady, who plays the part of *Don Giovanni's* abandoned wife all through with an attention to detail that cannot be too highly commended. Again, though sorry to miss the Commendatore of Signor Tagliafico, we are bound to acknowledge that the fine deep bass of Signor Capponi gave impressive sonority to the unequalled music of the last scene, when the man of stone, instead of staying to sup with *Don Giovanni*, as he had promised, somewhat capriciously invites that unrepentant libertine to sup with him. Of the new *Don Ottavio*, Signor Brignoli, we would rather speak when he has made himself more thoroughly a master of the part. About the *Donna Anna* of Mlle. Fricci, the *Leporello* of Signor Ciampi, the *Masetto* of Signor Ronconi, and the *Zerlina* of Mlle. Patti there is nothing new to say. As usual, "Batti batti" and "Vedrai carino," no less imitatively acted than sung by Mlle. Patti, were unanimously called for again; and so enchanted were the audience with the last that they would willingly have listened to it a third time had the singer been disposed to oblige them; but enough is as good as a feast, and Mlle. Patti wisely refrained. Signor Ronconi's *Masetto*, one of the most original and diverting impersonations imaginable, would be still better if, when listening to these incomparable airs, he would be a little less demonstrative. *Masetto* should not attempt to make the audience laugh while *Zerlina* is singing. M. Sainton,

in the absence of Mr. Costa, showed himself a competent substitute as conductor of the orchestra.

Faust e Margherita was repeated on Monday night. On Tuesday, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, with Mlle. Patti as Lucia, and a new tenor, Signor Nicolini, as Edgardo, was given; the *Africaine* on Thursday; *Don Giovanni* last night. *Lucrezia Borgia*, with Mme. Maria Vilda as Lucrezia, and a new contralto, Mlle. Biancolini, as Maffeo Orsini, is announced for this evening.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS. The third presented but one Symphony, Beethoven's fifth (they commonly have two); the overtures to *Euryanthe* and *Die Hebriden*; a violin Concerto in D, by Mozart, played by L. Strauss; and for the rest the *Times* says:

The singer on this occasion was Mlle. Ubrich, from the Court at Hanover, who not only comes to us with a high but a well-merited reputation. This lady has a fine voice, which she uses to the best advantage. Her style is good and her execution is irreproachable—which was convincingly shown in the air from Haydn's *Creation*, the air from Mozart's *Figaro*, and two *Lieder* of Mendelssohn and Taubert (accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. G. W. Cousins)—all of which she sang in German. The vigorous and characteristic march from Beethoven's music to *Egmont* made an effective close.

Fourth concert: Mozart's G-minor, and Beethoven's "Pastoral" Symphony; Overtures to *Der Berggeist*, by Spohr, and *L'Alcalde de la Vega*, by Onslow; Hummel's B-minor Concerto for piano, played by Mlle. Mehlig, from Hanover, who is pronounced "an artist in the strictest sense of the word." Another critic says she is young and already takes rank by the side of Mme. Schumann. The singers, Mlle. Sinico and Mr. Tom Hohler, tenor, from Her Majesty's Theatre, won little praise.

Fifth concert:—Symphonies by Haydn and Beethoven, Overtures by Mendelssohn and Weber, a Concertino for double bass, and singing by Mme. Harriers-Wippen and Mr. Santley.

The sixth had for programme: Symphony (No. 2) in E flat, by Gounod; Air from Mozart's *Seraglio* (Herr Rokitsanski); Bennett's Concerto No. 3, in C minor (Mme. Arabella Goddard); Mozart's aria: *Non mi dir* (Mlle. Tietjens); Overture to *Tell*; Beethoven's 7th Symphony; Cavatina from *Lucia* (Tietjens); Duet from *Fidelio*; Overture to *Preciosa*. The *Morning Star* says:

The first piece on this list affords the only exception to the unmixed enjoyment of a very high kind conferred by the night's performances. Not that M. Gounod's second symphony is altogether bad, but that it wants both the breadth of purpose and the beauty of detail necessary to fix the attention during the forty minutes occupied in its performance. Its subjects, though sometimes pretty, are all trivial, and the mode by which they are elaborated is frequently grotesque rather than ingenious or engaging. The third movement—a *scherzo*—is the best; and the last, in which a rather inspiring polka-like theme prevails, would be worthy of some admiration if treated according to its value; but it will not bear the proportions to which it is spun out. The work undoubtedly received every justice at the hands of Professor Bennett and his noble orchestra.

HANOVER. Joseph Joachim has once more resumed the post of *Concertmeister* to the King of Hanover. By high integrity and firmness of character he has overcome intrigue, and his deserts are now fully appreciated. The king himself made a direct application to Joachim, who not merely acceded without hesitation to His Majesty's proposals, but declined the increased honorarium which had been offered to him as an inducement to return to the Hanoverian Court.

COPENHAGEN. The *Musical World* translates from a Danish paper the following glowing account of a new work by Gade:

The seventh and last subscription-concert of the Musical Society in Copenhagen made even by its programme a deep and elevating impression. It contained only two principal parts: Beethoven's attractive eighth symphony, which—but principally the *allegro* and the *finale*—was performed *con amore*; and (the second part) *The Crusaders*, by Professor Niels W. Gade, a new composition, rich in its contents and extent. After the performance the genial artist was

greeted with an "orchester-fanfare" and long continued applause—a well-merited acknowledgment of his beautiful and important masterpiece.

The words of *The Crusaders*, for which we are indebted to the poet, Charles Andersen, who has treated the subject gracefully, and without pretension, present a most satisfactory basis for musical treatment, and are like *Comala* and *Elverskud* an oratorio—"en concert-cantate"—for solos, choir, and orchestra. This kind of composition, which, as far as concerns its historical romantic subjects, corresponds with religious music, seems more and more to be one of those most developed and most frequently employed in our country. It may be dramatic, without too much combination of subject, but has not the pretension to be for the stage or for scenic arrangement, which often gives considerable effect, but on the other side, makes it very difficult for the public to understand the piece from the beginning to the end.

The above mentioned "picture of song," consisting of three parts, opens with a choir of pilgrims and women in the crusader's band; a charming chorus, full of expression, describing the sufferings and troubles connected with the wanderings in the wilderness. The first melodies recall in some small degree Gade's own composition, "At sunset." There is a repose like that in the above-named work; but this is a repose breathing itself out in soft complaints—a charming, characteristic composition; and the performance was fully worthy of the piece. The recitative summons of Peter the Hermit, the Crusaders' leader, precedes the Crusaders' Song, deformed as a solo, with recitative. It is a fresh, powerful, warlike melody; but perhaps the old French songs might have given the impulse to a somewhat more historical color. This part is concluded by an evening prayer, in which the hermit's voice mingles beautifully and most solemnly with the voices of the whole band; the full tones of the final stanza breathe the most fervent and pious longing.

The title of the next part is *Armida*, which involuntarily reminds us of Gluck, whose opera called by the same name, like this part, has taken the subject from Tasso; but the two works differ totally in construction and character, and there is scarcely any other similarity to be found in them. A strange, mysterious introduction, which in the most striking manner announces the black arts afraid of day-light, is followed by a singular little chorus of the spirits of darkness, who, at the command of their queen, conjure a charming fairy world, a flood of temptation for the most distinguished knight amongst the Crusaders, Rinaldo d'Este, who has left his tent to wander in lonely dreaming. The solo of *Armida* is original, particularly in the rhythm, and it changes into a lulling, enervating chorus of sirens, graceful as Weber.

The next scene portrays an ever-increasing struggle. The hero is about to yield to the temptation; then he listens to some far, well-known strains; inch by inch he strives to gain the victory; and as soon as he joins in the Crusader-song the magic fascination is powerless and has lost all influence over him. The whole of this part is, with regard to dramatic effect, most distinguished; the sudden change of time is more than a transition—it is an instantaneous translation from the seductive "Rinaldo, Rinaldo" into the manly melody of the Crusader-song; the struggle in the hero's soul is masterly described. What a striking effect in the prolonged tones of the summoning horn; but these tones must be heard to be understood; they cannot be described! How different they are from Ossian's poetry, with the misty mountain air filled with spirits, or from the wild flight of the Knight Olaf for the elves! Hardly has Professor Gade, since in his youthful popularity he sang so delightfully of the sea-nymphs hovering around the *grotto azurra*, had any subject which at the first sight appeared so different from his artistic nature as the *Crusaders*. It is one of the most imaginative he ever composed. And yet it is just the way in which he treats *Armida* that manifests his Scandinavian nature. How perfectly the subject has been managed!—how enchanting and bewitching is all the melody!; nevertheless, the excellent scenes are so moderate, so chaste, that we are not afraid of appropriating it as characteristically Scandinavian.

How sensual an Italian artist, or Meyerbeer, would have made it! How many voluptuous runs Wagner would have taken on his clarinet! Gade, on the contrary, indicates with a noble and firm hand all that is necessary—nothing more! Even his *Armida* does not resemble Gluck's, who amidst her thirst of revenge is enchained by fetters of love. Gade's is the cold, powerful being, defying everything belonging to the Cross. The music indicative of sorcery is charming as a forerunner announcing the arrival of the Queen of Spirits—the only point in which some influence of the Queen may be visible, but even here very insignificantly. How interesting is the compos-

er's scoring down of the wand's strange vibration, and how well he succeeds! Some passages in the musical dialogue are, however, of too little coloring; at least we think so.

The last part, *Jerusalem*, is, in comparison with the two first, a predominant religious picture. The religious knight is joining the weary band of pilgrims as the hermit points out to them the long-desired object of all their toils. The Holy City glistens in the radiance of the sun, and a jubilee song of praise and thanksgiving inflames the host to strife and victory.

In those choral-songs one beauty follows another; the morning hymn, with its gay awakening horns, restless in its construction as a breaking up;—the Pilgrim-march, with its all overpowering longing, expressed in highly animated vocal-strains;—the band's tuneful greeting to Jerusalem, imposing in all its plainness,—evidence at the same time a power to create and an uncommon dominion over the means of art.

What a seriousness is glowing through these words of Rinaldo—

"O Lord, behold my anguish!"

or the hermit's solemn admonition, joined to the last stanza of the chorus! How deep is the feeling in those low exclamations of "Jerusalem, Jerusalem," whispered out in rather reproachful tones, when the first overpowering enthusiasm has been silenced. Then there is a power of description visible in many passages; for instance, in the wild, sanguinary, ringing tones belonging to the hermit's last summons to strife. This part, less lively than the other two, and it may be so from the nature of the subject, is, nevertheless, not less interesting; it is a noble picture, full of profoundness, proving effectively that music has the power to describe great events in the world's history.

The Crusaders is, in its totality, a precious, sublime musical work; one of those few masterpieces which not only stand the proof of a close examination, but win more and more the more they are examined.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 23, 1866.

The Past Musical Year in Boston.

IV. ORGAN MUSIC.

The Great Organ in the Boston Music Hall has been played every Wednesday and Saturday Noon, and every Sunday evening, with but few exceptions, through the whole year. The audiences have ranged from fifty to three hundred people; judging from the report of income to the Hall from this source (nearly \$7,000), they must have averaged considerably over one hundred. They still consist in great part, probably a very large majority, of strangers visiting the city, who eagerly pay the trifling fee of half a dollar for the sake of seeing and hearing one of the three or four greatest organs in the world. But there is always present a small number of resident music lovers, partial to Organ music, or at least to music played on such an Organ; and we think the number on the whole is slowly increasing. The frequent playing of so many great works by Bach, Mendelssohn, &c., (even though the programmes, with rare exceptions, are very far from pure, and the sublime instrument is still often made a toy of) must needs instil into some hearts a love and reverence for the Bach style and spirit; with such opportunities of making itself heard, it must raise up for itself "fit audience though few."

During the year there cannot have been given fewer than 130 Organ Concerts in the Music Hall. We propose to give only an approximate estimate of what has been done during the past nine months from Oct. 1, 1865—since it is in no man's power to attend or in any way recall all these concerts—and indeed we have lost all record of the three months preceding.

During this period the following organists have officiated in about this proportion—*Resident Organists*: B. J. LANG, and G. E. WHITING each 19 times; Mrs. FROHOCK, 17 times; J. K. PAINE, 9 times; Dr. TUCKERMAN, 5 times; J. H. WILLCOX (now mainly occupied with his own fine organ and choir at the Church of the Immaculate Conception), 5 times; HENRY CARTER, twice; EUGENE THAYER (absent

most of the time in Germany), twice. *From other cities*. Mr. JAMES PEARCE, formerly of Montreal, now of Philadelphia, 4 times; Mr. S. N. PENFIELD, of Rochester, N. Y., once.—It is a curious fact that, considering how dependent music has been in this country on the Germans, not a single German (so far as we are aware) has ever yet played on the great German Organ of the Music Hall; indeed, with three or four exceptions of naturalized Englishmen, all the organists have been Americans. Whether this fact be significant, we leave it for shrewder ones than we are to conjecture.

Now for the more important question: *what is played?* To what extent has *real organ music* had the precedence? Above all, how far have these opportunities been devoted to the organ compositions of Sebastian Bach, and the composers who—at a long distance, to be sure—have followed after him?

The nine programmes of Mr. PAINE show the following works:

A. Classical Organ Works.

BACH: Prel. and Fugue in E minor (3 times).

" " " " B minor.

" " " " A minor.

Fantasia and Fugue in G minor (twice).

Prelude in E minor.

Fantasia in G (twice).

Toccata in D minor.

Trio Sonata in G.

Trio Sonata in E minor.

Choral Vorspiel: "Nun kommt der Heiden Heiland."

Choral "Freut euch, ihr Christen." (3 times).

" "Im höchsten Noth" (twice).

" "An die Wasserflüssen Babylons" (3 times).

" (For 2 manuals and pedal) twice.

Canzone.

Pastorale in F.

Of Organ works by MENDELSSOHN:

Sonata in A (3 times).

" " D minor (twice).

Organ works by RITTER: Sonata in E (3 times); in E minor, op. 19.

THIELE: Toccata in E-flat minor (3); Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue in A minor (2); Theme with Variations in A flat (3).

HESSE: Theme and Variations.

FISCHER: Choral Vorspiel.

B. Adaptations of works not for the Organ.

MOZART: "Clock Piece"; Andante, from a Piano Sonata.

SPOHR: Pastoral from Historical Symphony.

HANDEL: Chorus from *Samson* ("Awake the trumpet's lofty sound")

GLUCK: Air and chorus from *Alceste*.

C. Original Compositions.

Fantasia in F; Offertoire in B flat: Andante con Variazioni; Concert Variations on the Austrian Hymn; Fantasia and Fugue in E minor; Fantasia on the Portuguese Hymn, including Pastorale, Intermezzo and Alla Marcia; Caprice (2); Offertoire in B minor; Variations on Old Hundred; Pastoral (4); Organ piece in D flat (2); several Improvisations.

Mrs. FROHOCK, in 17 programmes which we have before us, has played.

A. Classical Organ Works.

BACH: Prelude and Fugue in A minor (3 times); in C; in G; Fugue in G minor; in C minor (2); Prel. and Fugue (from "Well-tempered Clavichord") in E flat; Passacaglia C minor; Toccata in D minor; Toccata in F; Toccata in C (3); Trio Sonata in E flat (3); Pastorale in F (3).

MENDELSSOHN: Sonata in F minor (2); in C minor; in B flat (2); in D (2); in D minor (3); Prel. and Fugue in C minor (2); Prel. and Fugue, G (2); Prelude in D minor.

HESSE: Var. on original theme (4).

RINK: Var. on old air by Corelli (2).

FREYER: Fantasia in F minor (3); Var. on Russian Hymn.

SCHELLENBERG: Fantasia in C minor; Do. on "Ein feste Burg."

B. Adaptations.

BACH: Chorus from a Motet.—HANDEL: Hallelujah Chorus (2); from *Samson* ("Fixed in his everlasting seat," (2); "He led them through" (*Israel*); 3.—HAYDN: Andante from a Symphony (4); Air from *Creation* (2); Largo from Symph. No. 13 (2); "The heavens are telling;" Andante cantabile from 5th Symph.; Movement from 55th Quartet (3).—MOZART: Andante from 9th Symph.; *Jesu bone Pastor*; O *Jesu, O Fili*; Fantasia in F minor (4); *Lacrymosa* from *Requiem* (3).—BEETHOVEN: Turkish March (2); Adagio from Quartet in C (3); Pastorale from "Prometheus."—SPOHR: Allegro from Quartet in G minor.—WEBER: Ov. to *Oberon*.—ROSSINI: Pastoral from "Tell" Ov. 5.—MENDELSSOHN: Wedding March; Andante from 4th Symph.—KULLAK: Pastoral.—CHIFF: "Harmonious Blacksmith" with Var.—MEYERBEER: *Marche du Sacre* (2).—SCHUMANN: Lied, "*Ich grolle nicht*" (2). SCHUBERT: *Ave Maria* (2); other songs.—MERKEL: Adagio in E (5).

Mr. LANG's 19 programmes show:

A. Classical Organ Works.

BACH: Prel. and Fugue in C (2); divers Preludes and Fugues from "Well-temp. Clavichord, 8 times; Fantasia in G (4); small Concerto in G (2); Pastorale in F (5).

MENDELSSOHN: Sonata in F minor (2); in A (2); parts of Sonatas in C minor, B flat and D (6); Prelude in C minor.

SCHUMANN: Fugue on B-A-C-H (2); 2nd do. RINK: Flute Concerto in F (3).

WESLEY: Fugue in D.—STOKES: Introd. in D minor.

B. Adaptations.

HAYDN: "The Heavens are telling;" Movement in B flat; "Thunder Storm" chorus from *Seasons*.—MOZART: March from *Idomenec*; themes from *Don Juan*.—BEETHOVEN: Hallelujah Chorus (3); Ov. to *Egmont* (4); Andante in F.—MENDELSSOHN: Choruses from "Elijah" (2); Nocturne in "Midsummer Night" (2); Overture to "Midsummer Night" (3); March in *Athalia* (4).—COSTA: March in "Eli."—MEYERBEER: Ov. to *Dinorah* (2).—SPOHR: Romance in A flat (4).—WEBER: Ov. to *Freyschütz* (2).—O. DRESEL: Song, "Sweet and low" (3).—GOUNOD: Theme from *Faust*.—WAGNER: Themes from *Tannhäuser*.—CHOPIN: Funeral March (2).—KELLER: Var. on "American" (?) Hymn."

C. Frequent Improvisations in free style.

Mr. WHITING, in 16 programmes, has played:

A. Classical Organ Works.

BACH: Prel. and Fugue in E minor (2); Do. in A minor; Fugue in G minor; in D minor; "St. Ann's" Fugue (2); various Fugues (5 times); Choral Vorspiel, for 2 manuals and pedal; Toccatina in F; Pastoral in F.

MENDELSSOHN: Sonata in F minor (3); Prel. and Fugue in C minor (2).

SCHUMANN: Fugue on B-A-C-H.

HESSE: Fant. and Sonata in C.—MARTINI: Etudes in G minor and D minor (French style of 18th century).—BROSSIG: Fant. and Fugue in A flat (2); Prelude in D.—BEST: Sonata in G; Pastoral in G.

B. Organ works in modern lighter style.

WELLY: Fantasia (2); Concert March (2); Pastoral in G; in E.

BATTISTE: Offertoires in G, F minor (2), and C (2).

VERRINDER: Var. on Russian Hymn (2).

C. Adaptations.

HANDEL: Ov. to *Samson* (2); Air: "Thou shalt bring them in," from *Israel*; Air and Chor. from *Judas* (2); Chor. from *Samson*: "Fixed in his," &c.

(2); Ov. to the "Occasional Oratorio" (5).—HAYDN: "With verdure clad" (2); Romance from a Symphony (2).—BEETHOVEN: Allegretto from 7th Symphony; Ov. to *Egmont* (2); Adagio.—MENDELSSOHN: Andante from piano and cello Sonata in B flat; Overture for wind instruments; Arioso: "But the Lord," *St. Paul*.—MEYERBEER: March from *Prophete*; Schiller march (5).—ROSSINI: Trio "La Carita"; "Tell" Overture; Ov. to *La Gazza Ladra* (3); Selections from *Subat Mater*; Ov. to "Siege of Corinth" (2); Prayer from *Moses*.—HEROLD: Ov. to *Zampa*.—SPOHR: Introd. and Fin. from Quartet in C (2); Andantino from Symph. "Power of Sound" (4); March from *Notturmo* for wind instruments (3).—DONIZETTI: Selections from *Vesper service*.—NICOLAI: Ov. to "Merry Wives" (2).—SCHUBERT: Marche Solennelle, op. 40, in E flat minor (3).—ADAM: Christmas song (3).—DUSSEK: Andante from pianoforte Duo, op. 32.—BALFE: Ov. to "Geraldine."

D. Original Compositions.

Fantasia in E (2); Organ movement in F (2); Pastoral in F; Var. on national airs, &c.

Mr. JAMES PEARCE, a musical baccalaureate of Oxford, now settled in Philadelphia, has given us in his four concerts:

BACH: Prel. and Fugue in E minor; do in B minor; do in E flat; Fugue in G minor (2); Prel. and Fugue from "W. T. Clavichord" in E flat.

MENDELSSOHN: Sonatas in A and D minor (2); Prelude and Fugue, No. 2; Prelude, No. 1.—E. J. HOPKINS: Prelude.

Of Adaptations. HANDEL: Chorus in *Samson*; Chor. in *Judas*; Coronation Anthem.—HAYDN: Motet, "Insane et vane curæ"; Chor. from *Creation*; Air, do.—BEETHOVEN: Andante (3); Adagio from Op. 2.—MOZART: *Agnus Dei* from 1st Mass.

Of this gentleman it must be said—for we missed our opportunity at the time of his first visit (his second was only last week)—that his selections were kept exclusively within a dignified range, and that his playing was marked by a peculiar dignity and grandeur. He inclines to large, full combinations of stops, yet with tasteful alternations; and he plays the great pieces, for instance Bach's G-minor Fugue, very firmly, distinctly, and in a slower tempo than almost anybody else. We confess to finding the latter peculiarity edifying; where such great roaring masses of tone move on for such length of time, the polyphonic outlines seem more distinct and appreciable, at least to our slow ears, in a slow time. We hope Mr. Pearce will be a more frequent visitor.

Mr. THAYER has played but once or twice since his return from abroad. The one programme (June 9) before us, contains: Bach's Toccatina in F, Choral Vorspiel "Ich ruf zu dir" and Pastoral; an Organ Concerto by Handel (in B flat, No. 2)—the first piece of Handel's *Organ* music that we have yet heard here, and rather tame in comparison with Bach; Thiele's Chromatic Fantasia; A Sonata in D minor (No. 4) by Eugene Thayer; and a Romance called "The Lake," dedicated to the player by the composer, Dr. Sparks, of Leeds, England.

Mr. PENFIELD played a Fugue by Bach in D major, and Sonata in E flat by the same; Mendelssohn's 1st Sonata; a Fantasia by Freyer; transcriptions from Symphonies of Beethoven and Schumann; "Tell" overture, &c.

We have at hand but a single programme each of the other organists named, and these are very miscellaneous, containing little of music written originally for the organ, except things by Wely and Battiste. The above list and classification are perhaps dry; but they furnish for an intelligent examiner food for reflection. We reserve comments for some future occasion.—We have yet to sum up the Chamber Concerts of the year.

In another column will be found an advertisement of the "Ogdensburg, N.Y. Normal Music School," which commences July 9th, under the instruction of the brothers Perkins of this city. We learn the Quintette Club will give some concerts in connection with the School, at Ogdensburg, about the second week in August.

English Opera in New York.

NEW YORK, JUNE 19.—The Concert Season is now over. Artists and artistes hasten to leave the city; some for the country proper; some for those hybrid resorts, the fashionable watering places; others for Europe; all in order to recover from the fatigues of the past, and to recruit for the future season. Our streets are already half deserted by their usual promenaders, and remain in almost undisputed possession of business men, mechanics and other worthy classes chained to the heated city by various necessities, but having at least, the Park, and many suburban gardens, in which to indulge their desire for fresh air and their taste for light music and more corporeal necessities.

We are happy to chronicle Mr. JULIUS EICHBERG's comic operetta, "The Doctor of Alcantara," as a success. As you are aware, the first performance was on the occasion of the opening of the new Theatre Français. It is still in course of a protracted and successful "run." This opera possesses all the elements of popularity; a merry libretto; and melodies of a light and pleasing character, in the working up and instrumentation of which we discover the taste and study of an experienced conductor, and a clever musician. If we cannot accord the merit of great originality to the music of "The Doctor of Alcantara," neither can we stigmatize it as a copy. Its melodies, moulded in the accustomed form, are yet always flowing and nicely fitted to the situation. Mr. Eichberg has evidently adapted himself to the small frame and means at his disposal, and has done so in a most satisfactory and effective manner. The general approbation with which Mr. Eichberg's work has been deservedly received, leads us to hope that he may feel encouraged to write others in the same pleasing style. His "Two Cadis," also an opera buffa, is spoken of as the next "to be." The production of the "Doctor" has been very fair, on the whole; the most meritorious performance, both in singing and acting, being decidedly that of Miss Ritchings as Inez; her natural manner, pleasing appearance and correct costume, are always refreshingly welcome. Mrs. Mozart also displays unexpected dramatic talent.

Now that the ice has been once broken, and we have a thoroughly successful operatic production, calculated for, and performed by resident singers, we trust that our native composers will no longer "be backward in coming forward" in the right way, and that they may be sustained by the public in a genuine manner.

The "Rose of Castile" was also sung once or twice, and as we hear, not satisfactorily by the English company. "The Bohemian Girl" and others of the same namby-pamby cast, were threatened. People condemned to stay in the city during the dog-days, want clever musical fun, and not such heavy and yet shallow works as have passed current for "English Opera" during the past twenty years. Let the company at the "Theatre Français" make a voyage of discovery into the realms of comic French Opera: Gretry, or Adam, or the Italian Pergolesi.—Miss Ritchings would make a name in the "Serva Padrona."

There is nothing more to chronicle, musically speaking. Comic opera will probably run on light and easy wheels through the summer; in autumn we are promised the fine Italian actress Ristori, Madame Parepa again, and much besides; but let the future show. For the present,—as Hfiz saith,—"this is the time of roses," and the most salutary and most welcome music is that which messieurs professors the birds discourse "in the woodland school,"—so also thinketh your correspondent, LANCELOT.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL ASSOCIATION. The stockholders of this organization held an adjourned meeting at Music Hall this morning. The Treasurer, John Rogers, Esq., submitted his annual report from which we copy the following figures:

Cash receipts for the year ending May 31,	
1866,	\$26,240 09
Organ concerts	6,890 70
Other musical entertainments	5,509 00
Lectures, fairs, festivals, etc.,	13,296 37
Sundry other purposes	604 02
Rents accrued and not received	669 00
Total income	\$26,909 09

Expenditures, Salaries of Superintendent and Treasurer..	850 00
City Water Bills.....	825 53
Gas Bills.....	2,933 23
Insurance on building and organ.....	805 00
Fuel.....	615 00
Taxes.....	1,896 20
Interest on debt.....	3,234 44
Sundry expenses.....	7,547 50
Bills due but unpaid.....	837 70
	19,544 65

Surplus 7,364 44

This is a larger amount than for any past year, notwithstanding increased taxation and cost of mechanics' work, material, etc.

The surplus in 1856 was \$1839 23; 1857, \$1405 76; 1858, \$1405 91; 1859, \$3516 78; 1860, \$2489 38; 1861, \$2808 06; 1862, \$363 19; 1863 the income fell short of the expenses \$989 68, the hall being closed for repairs a portion of the time; surplus in 1864, \$7360 08; 1865, \$5152 19. From 1856 to 1862, inclusive, the surplus averaged \$1975 50. The average for the past three years has been \$6625 57.

The debt, secured by a mortgage of the real estate, amounts to \$60,000, \$50,000 of which becomes due in 1867, and \$10,000 during the present month. This includes the debt on the organ, which it is hoped will be extinguished within two years. The cash balance on the 1st of June, 1866, was \$2741 76.

The following-named gentlemen were chosen directors for the ensuing year: J. Baxter Upham, President; R. S. Athorp, E. D. Brigham, Ebenezer Dale, Edward N. Perkins, H. W. Pickering, J. P. Putnam.—*Transcript*, June 13.

ERNST PERABO, the pianist, has given several very successful concerts lately in Cleveland, Ohio, besides forming the principal attraction in two concerts under the direction of Mrs. Isaacs, a favorite teacher there. There, as in Boston, he played Bach, Beethoven, Bennett, Kirchner, Bargiel, Burgmüller, &c., and there, as here, he has created a peculiar enthusiasm. But when a Cleveland critic writes: "He is now classed with Thalberg and Gottschalk," the young artist may well say, save me from my friends!—Perabo will pass the summer with some friends in Indiana, getting (we trust) the needed rest, and in the fall will return and make his residence in Boston—which is verily a piece of good news.

Young PETERSILEA also, as will be seen by his card announcing his services as teacher, proposes to establish himself in Boston. Another valuable accession to the corps of sound classical pianists and teachers! Shall we not be rich?

LOUISVILLE, KY. In the sudden death, by accident, of E. W. GUNTER, organist at St. Paul's, this city mourns its leading musical character. The following extracts from the *Democrat* show in what estimation he was held, and how important a loss this is to musical art in that section of the country.

He had lived so long among us, and had occupied so prominent a position, that he almost seemed an essential part of the city. He was giving instruction to the daughters of those whom he had instructed in their girlhood. His active mind was continually engaged in projects for the advancement of music. He was the founder of the Mozart Society, of the Musical Fund Society, and other associations intended to cultivate skill and taste. To his energy and ability, we are indebted for the opportunity, of hearing some of the best oratorios performed in the highest style. His fine taste enabled him to make great improvements in the music of the church service. It is impossible to estimate the extent of his influence upon the condition of music in Louisville. It seemed indeed, as if there could be no music of a high order without him. At almost every important concert given in this city, he was to be found holding the baton. He had been appointed director of the Saengerbund festival, and the estimation in which his abilities were held is shown by the exclamation which might have been heard: "How can the festival proceed without him!"

Mr. Gunter was born in Bremen, in 1817. At a very early age he lost his father and was obliged to depend on his own exertions. His attainments in the science of music were almost entirely the fruits of his own unaided labors.

At a meeting of the musical associates and friends

of the late E. W. Gunter, Esq., held at 4 P.M., Thursday, June 14th, 1866, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, By a decree of Divine Providence, our friend and fellow-citizen, F. W. Gunter, has been suddenly taken from our midst; and,

WHEREAS, The relations between the deceased and those who have met to do honor to his memory have been of such a character as to give us frequent opportunities of bearing testimony to his social worth, as well as to his professional merits; therefore,

Resolved, That in the death of Mr. Gunter we feel that his immediate family have suffered a bereavement the saddest and most afflictive that could have befallen them, and that the profession in this city, of which he was so distinguished an ornament, has sustained a loss almost irreparable. To ourselves, individually, and to his other numerous personal friends, his removal from our midst has severed social ties that had been cemented by many years of most kindly intercourse.

Resolved, That we tender to his afflicted wife and children, and to his other sorrowing relatives, the expression of our sincere sympathy and condolence.

Resolved, That the city papers be requested to publish the proceedings of this meeting.

Resolved, That, in token of our high respect for the deceased, we attend his funeral, at St. Paul's Church, to-morrow (Friday, June 15th) at four o'clock, P.M.

Messrs. J. M. Semple, Wm. Plato, and Dr. E. W. Mason were appointed a committee to conduct the musical exercises at the church, and Messrs. Hast and Zoeller at the grave.

Messrs. H. J. Peter, B. J. Webb and Harry Bishop were appointed a committee to present these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

On motion, it was resolved that the Northern musical journals be requested to publish these resolutions.

On motion of Mr. D. P. Faulds, it was resolved that the proprietors of the music stores be requested to close their doors at 3.30 P.M.

H. J. PETERS, President.

Harry Bishop, Secretary.

A Sentimental King.

If all the sovereigns of Europe were like the young King of Bavaria, they would most assuredly never go to war. In fact, King Ludwig the Second thinks politics a bore, and war a bore of the largest calibre. He will have nothing to do with either, and he thinks that as a king he has a right to amuse himself as he pleases. He is only in his twenty-first year, the sentimental age when thoughts are apt to run to poetry, music and love-making. His grandfather, the ex-King Ludwig, continued in a somewhat similar state of mind till he was pretty old; but his chief diversion from the cares of state was in the society of fast women of the Lola Montez order. The young king fell in love some time ago with Richard Wagner, who writes music of the future, a tempo that is rather perplexing to musicians of the present time. The eccentric composer, in fact, absorbed so much of the time of the youthful monarch, that it became necessary to remove him, and he was sent away from Munich, with orders not to return.

But Ludwig the Second has been pining for his Wagner, and the war alarm has not served to distract his thoughts from the loss of his friend. He has passed his time in writing sentimental poetical laments, playing Wagner's music on the pianoforte, and going off on solitary incognito walks among his people, or in the country around Munich. His ministers have thus been obliged to work in the business of diplomacy and politics, without the sanction of the head of the State, and consequently things have been all at sixes and sevens. The idea of such a trivial subject as a European war interfering with his kingly prerogative of writing poetry and playing the piano, is monstrous to him.

The other day the Bavarian Parliament was to be opened, and the ceremony was to be performed by the King in person. But he determined not to be thus bored, and disappeared from his capital mysteriously, on the very day appointed. There was great consternation among ministers and courtiers, and his mother, the Queen Dowager, was very unhappy about her truant son. Parties were sent to search the country around Munich. After two days exploration, he was found riding among the Alps south of the city, attended by only a single groom. A humble petition, signed by all the ministers, begging him to return to the capital, was presented to him, and after some hesitation he yielded. He was conducted in state to the palace, and Bavaria was herself again. It was understood that he had been searching for Richard Wagner, who was concealed somewhere among the mountains.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- Bright blue eyes and golden hair. Maria Bell. 30
Simple and sweet.
- Love's request. (Liebes Bitte). Reichardt.
For guitar by Haydn. 30
- The Brook. Dolores. " 30
Two famous songs, well arranged for guitar.
- Gentle ladies. (Donnine amabili.) Cavatina.
"Crispino." 60
- Pietro darling, this cake so tempting. (Piero mio).
Canzonet. "Crispino." 35
Two very fine songs, with respect to music. The words too, are good, in a comic vein. The melodies are very sweet, and not especially difficult.
- The first song is that of Fabrizio, the physician, who tells of the success of the phrase, "some one loves you," when spoken to his fair patients. The second is the ballad by Annetta, of which the Italian is written in a sort of peasant dialect, possibly that of Venetia.
- Darling, stay at home to-night. Ballad. Webster. 30
- Sit down by my side. " 30
Two excellent temperance songs. The new campaign against intemperance, seems to be accompanied by a higher order of musical literature than the preceding.
- Will O' the Wisp. Song. G. W. Cherry. 50
A fine descriptive piece, which will be very effective in concerts and exhibitions. Does not go above E.
- Thou fair, but faithless one. Song. S. Lover. 30
Very original and pretty.

Instrumental.

- Les Fifres du Garde. 4 hands. Ascher. 60
One of the very brightest and prettiest of duets, and as it is rather easy, should not be long in finding its way to your piano.
- Maple polka. I. Emerson. 30
- Witch of the wave galop. S. B. Whitney. 30
Good pieces by favorite composers.
- Nocturne. Op. 15. No. 1. Chopin. 30
" " " 2. " 35
" " " 3. " 35
- Long, long weary day. "Sparkling Diamonds."
Arini. 30
- Dream on the ocean. Waltz. " " 30
- Sans Souci waltz. Ida M. Brittan, arr'd by " 30
Three very pretty, easy and sparkling productions, excellent for players not far advanced.
- A happy dream. Caprice characteristic.
G. W. Hertel. 40
Not difficult. Sweet flowing melody, and pleasing throughout.
- Rustic pictures. By Baumbach.
No. 6. Cradle song, from Kücken. 30
" 9. Coronation march. "Le Prophète." 30
" 12. Do they think of me. 30
Three "rustic," but by no means rusty pictures. The music is very graceful. The Coronation march, which is generally an awkward thing to play, is here very nicely fitted to the fingers, and appears in a new and attractive dress.

Books.

MENDELSSOHN'S SONGS WITHOUT WORDS. \$3.00

A new and excellent edition, carefully revised, and in every way in good shape. Do not consider your library for the piano complete without one of the books.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

